arbarous and Bloody News

FROM THE

Parish of St. *GILES's*.

BEING A TRUE

ACCOUNT

OF

wo Horrid Murders,

Committed on the Bodies of a

Vidow Gentlewoman, and her Neice,

On *Saturday* the 13*th*. Instant.

most Cruelly cutting their Thoats, and afterwards Robbing them, in Coffee-House in *Short's Gardens*, between the Hours of Five and Six n the Morning; whose Bodies are still to be seen, as a Dismal Spectacle f Humane Misery.

PLATO, a Heathen, thought Virtue so aimable in it self, that could it appear clad in Humane shape, the excellency of its Features would attract the love and admiration of all its Spectators: and shall we, who are Christians, be less in love with the Beauty Holiness? Shall we, who live under the Meridian Illustrations of Divine isdom, not see those Glorious Truths which the glimmering light of ature He so much revers'd? O shame on that *Egyptian* Darkness which ouds our Reason! He liv'd a Divine Heathen, while we live and dye fessed Christians, but in Practice more wretched and inexcusable than gans, witness the Avarice and Rapine of some, the Malice and Ambition others; in a word, the frequent Murders, and the more close Adulteries, bloody Revenge of the enraged Bravo, and the wanton Embraces of the ful Paramour, the two last, *viz.* Murder and Adultery, are the crying s of this Age: Murder, 'tis true, got the start of Adultery, and was the t-born of its wretched Parent *Cain*. Murder has been always look'd up- as a most detestable Sin in the sight of God and Man, and punished as capital Offence; yet had the Precepts of God or the Laws of Man been le to restain the Extravagence of our debauch'd Natures within the limits our Duty, we shou'd have had not only no Occasion, but no Examples such wicked Wretches, whose Lust, Ambition, or Revenge, has made em the unhappy Arguments of humane Misery. Their vicious Courses ve plung'd them into Crimes which could not be expiated here, but by severest Punishments. The following Relation is very Tragical, and

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that parts of the Actors writ in Characters of Blood; the publishing which is not so much designed to divert the Reader with the variety of surprizing Circumstances, as to affright him, by the sad Example from the Commission of that horrid Sin of Murther, of which sincerely to repent is highly difficult, but to make satisfaction far impossible. When once the *Golden Bowl* is broke (which the Wise man speaks of, *Ecclesiastes* the 12*th*. by the Impious hand of some bold Assassin, he fills full the Cup of God's Indignation against him, which will be a draught more bitter than all the glorying pleasures Life or Fortune can sweeten with their greatest advantages. Humane Laws have provided Shackles and Dungeons, Racks and Gibbets, not only to punish, but deter such Sanguinary Bravoes, who if they chance (which but rarely happens) to escape the latest hand of Justice, yet are they constantly haunted with the horror of the Crime and antedate the Torments of a future, by the present Hell of an Evil Conscience: But I proceed to the Relation, which is thus.

In *Short's-Garden* by *Piccadilly*, near the *Hay-Market*, there lately lived one Mrs. *Sarah Wilkins*, an Antient Widow-woman, with one *Jane Gill* her Neice, keeping a *Coffee-house* of good Repute and Trade, and were supposed to be indifferent well to pass in the world. On *Saturday* the 13*th*. of this Instant *December*, *Jane Gill* the Neice, coming down Stairs as her usual custom was, about Five in the Morning, to cleanse the Coffee Room, order the Cinders and prepare the Fire, *&c.* some Persons got or were let into the House, and immediately seized the Maid and cut her Throat: then going up two pair of Stairs, where Mrs. *Wilkins* lay, they served her in the like Barbarous manner, taking off four Rings that she generally wore on her Fingers, which when they had done, they rifled the House of all that was valuable and portable, which was to a pretty considerable value, particularly (as a Relation of the Deceased does Relate) there was in a Dressing-Box a Medal of Mally Gold, and several Guinnies, and other things of worth. The Murtherers at present, are so far from being discovered, that it's not known how many they were, or so much as whether they were Men or VVomen, that were the Authors of this Horrid Fact, onely some Persons that were up in the Adjacent Houses, heard a knocking at the Coffee-house Door about the hour of five that Morning.

These poor Unhappy People have lived in the Parish for several years in very good Credit and Repute, demeaning themselves very Civilly and Honestly to all Persons, upon which account the Neighbours in general are very sorry for so Cruel and Barbarous a Murther.

FINIS.

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